Even Beacons Need Anchors

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/24931717.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Will Graham's Dogs, Hannibal Lecter, Jack Crawford, Alana Bloom, Beverly Katz, Brian Zeller, Jimmy Price, Abigail Hobbs
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Alternate Universe -Different Backgrounds, Hannibal is a Cannibal, Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper, 'Dark' Will, Jack is a pushy dick, Will NOT in love with Alana, Hannibal is caring, Established Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Eventual Romance, eventual smutt, Slow Burn, Drama, Angst, Horror, Raven Stage, Fae & Fairies, Alternate Universe - Fae, Kind of like 'Carnival Row', Hannibal does not want to hurt Will Graham, Multiple chapters
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-06-26 Words: 5,022 Chapters: 1/?

Even Beacons Need Anchors

by RubyWaterz23

Summary

AU-World Where Fae and Faries exist. Not entirely in harmony, not all are open about their heritage, and there is still segregation and racial issues.

Will does not want to be involved in the cases Jack throws his way, he wants -instead- to be left alone. But when a case presents itself that can't be ignored, Will is strongly suggested to get a psych eval before proceeding. Who but Hannibal should be the man for the job?
((rewrote the first Chapter))

Notes

Hello, Hannigram Fandom! ^.^ Its nice to become a part of this adoring community. This is my very first Hannigram fanfic, first time writing such complex characters, so please go easy on me. Hannibal is a lot more difficult to write than he appears, that poetic vocabulary turned out to be difficult to reproduce XD Haha.

Anyway, Here goes. The chapters might be rather short in the beginning as I get a hang of it all.

This is purely a work of fiction, my love for the Hannigram universe has overflowed and I simply wished to add to it ^.^ This is also my own escape from the daily dramas of real life. Nothing I write is personal or meant to offend anyone of any walk of life. Everything simply comes from my own imagination, so I hope to not trigger or offend anyone with any of what I write.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter One

A private office. That was how Hannibal had described it, during their brief encounter in Jack's office, and Alana attested to that exact description. What Will had expected was something more..clinical. Smaller, definitely; less homely, assuredly; but above all, not anything like what he walked into. The street itself seemed normal, a strange definition by Will's terms as it meant that the street and the few people on it were swarmed by the unnatural even though they couldn't see it while he could. Although, less populated than any other part of the rather large city. The office itself, however, was completely absent from all entities of any kind. Acting as if it was holy ground to which not a single unearthly thing could step foot onto the property. Despite that very phrase being hypocritical as the simple fact was that the 'unearthly' things Will could plainly see while others could not, were the true first inhabitants of this planet.

It was almost hard to focus on the actual decor of the office itself as he stepped through the wooden door, which Dr. Lecter held open as he crossed the threshold. In any other regular situation Will would be able to easily spot the echoes hovering over almost every corner, and while of course each person - area - place was different there were always echoes. Sometimes black shadows of fog like structure that hung about an object or person, though they weren't always black. Some were of lighter color, some swirled wildly as if stuck in a turbine, and some seemed to glow with a bright shine. It all depended on what caused the echo to be left behind. Though Will supposed that didn't matter much as he'd long ago learned to just leave them be, acting as if he could not see them. And yet here he was, practically prancing around the room like a skittish deer looking for any such echo left behind. This was a psychiatric office after all, surely someone would have left something. But, nothing. Not a single wisp of darkness coiled around the corner of furniture. Not a single bright orb floating and bouncing against the ceiling. Not one foggy corner of the room or mist hanging underneath one of the two chairs that sat before a large fireplace.

"Would you like to sit, Will?" Dr. Lecter's voice pierced through his train of confused thought, realizing he'd been staring at the completely ordinary leather chair for probably too long. Clearing his throat and trying to hide his momentary embarrassment as his actions probably had been misunderstood, Will takes the seat he'd been glaring into. The plush-ness of the cushion as he sunk into the chair reminding the forefront of his mind that this was not an ordinary office. Dr. Lecter took the seat opposite him.

Will, who always avoided eye contact, stared at the expensive shoes of the doctor before him. Though part of his inner ego was still seething with righteous anger at having been bombarded at Jack's office two days prior, was at the moment very glad for the short

conversation he'd had with Dr. Lecter at the time. It meant he wouldn't have to explain for the thousandth time why he hated looking at people's faces.

"Does the room make you uncomfortable, Will?" Dr. Lecter's voice came again, that same smooth even flow, as though one baritone note was being drawn out of some grand orchestra. Not teeming with a variety of instruments, but enough to have notes of string, precautions, and wind all in the same room. It was wildly off putting to Will. He'd never heard someone capable of speaking with such...eloquence, and Dr. Lecter was human to boot. A fact that had been painfully obvious the two days prior during their first meeting, though admittedly Will had been distracted by the thick black fog that seemed to be consuming Jack that he'd not paid too much attention to the doctor in that moment. More concentrated on the fact that he desperately wanted to stand up and run away from that room, which in actuality he'd done once it became obvious that Jack had brought Dr. Lecter to do an evaluation on Will.

Will was peeved once again, by the memory.

"It's not really what I was expecting." Will, already being twenty-and-seven years had mastered the ability to hide his truths. Not that his inner mind was boasting, just another factual piece of evidence by the lack of having been confronted thus far. Not one person had figured out he was not human, and Will had worked his whole life to keep it that way. So much and so often that it had become such an easy mask to slip into. "Doesn't really speak of modesty." Will added with only a brief moment of pause between statements.

"I suppose you could say I am a man of fine taste." Dr. Lecter added, not really giving away anything as he sat perfectly in his own comfort, legs crossed at the knee while his hands sat perfectly tucked into his lap. Will could feel his bourbon eyes boring into him, but dared not look up.

There weren't many people Will had locked gazes with, and even those people he'd not looked at often. It was simply too hard, like a computer being overloaded with files upon files of images and video recordings while the total storage space on his own harddrive was full to say the least. And sometimes those images and video recording *hurt.* Thoughts and feelings too strong and hidden for him to bear the weight of them on his own conscious, so he had to figure out ways of purging them from his mind. And to top it all off, each time he'd locked gazes with another it'd always left him far more vulnerable and open to those 'unseen' around the world. It was a great risk to open himself up like that, so he avoided it all together. He'd managed to avoid meeting the gaze of the physiatrist in Jack's office and he would be damned if he didn't keep his guard up now.

A long silence passed after that, Will tried to avoid darting his eyes around the room. Made massively uneasy by the lack of presence in the room, well aside from the doctor's himself. For Dr. Lecter had quite a presence in the whole room, even back in Jack's office Will had gotten the feeling he was next to a predator. Now, in the man's home territory, that looming gaze seemed to elevate higher. Though Will had faced off with worse than an egotistical human male, so he was more concerned about the lack of echoes than what the man across from him might think.

"Therapy doesn't work on me." Will managed to say after the long silence continued for far too long. Strange to say the least for Will to feel he needed to break the stillness as he was the type of man who enjoyed the quiet of home. Hence why his small house was placed in the middle of nowhere - Wofltrap, so he could enjoy his solitude with his seven dogs.

"This is not therapy, Will. We are simply having a conversation." Dr. Lecter answered, his posture remained poised but relaxed, his words steady and easy. Will wondered if this man had an answer for everything. *'Probably why he's a damn therapist, so he can lord his knowledge over everyone else.* ' It was easy to say Will had a problem with therapists and doctors of similar kind, his past experience with all of them had not led him down good paths. Leaving scars on his skull he'd rather forget, yet his nightmares would never let him forget his past.

"You have all your 'conversations' at your office?" Will retorted, his tongue could also be quick and sharp when he wanted it to be so.

"Would you prefer talking over a cup of coffee?" Dr. Lecter's voice kept the same easy tone as before, not hinting at any sort of secret meaning. But the question still gave him pause, resisting the urge to look up to the doctor's face to see the expression.

"You are teasing me." Will stated simply, noting the slight 'tap tap' of Dr. Lecter's foot against the ground. The man composed perfectly like a statue, yet bounced his foot as a child might when waiting for a treat. An image that made Will's stomach flip in an odd sensation he did not care for, reminding him of doctors that only conversed with him so they might traverse the complexity of his mind and use it for material in their future endeavors. There wasn't a person on this planet that didn't want something in return for their kindness, another hard lesson Will had learned in his twenty-and-seven years.

“Never.” Dr. Lecter replied, and Will could hear the smirk in his voice. Jaw clenched, teeth grinding slightly together, as a wave of anger surged through him. Trying to distract himself from spitting out anything he’d regret after this hour was done, he moved his eyes around the room. This time instead of searching out anything that didn’t belong, he took the time to observe the room as a whole.

Meticulously decorated and ornaments placed specifically to be viewed by the clients. Nothing offensive, Will noted, but muted and dark tones littered around the room, even the carpet under the chairs to keep their wooden legs from scratching what Will could only assume was real hardwood flooring was a deep dark red. Reminding Will of a large pool of blood, a crude choice perhaps but it made no difference to him. Some of the items laying about seemed personal at first glance so much so that he could only assume the doctor had put them there to appeal to the average patient, yet he could tell they were too well placed to hold any meaning. All except the art on the table not far from the desk to the left side of the room, Will had glanced at it momentarily when he paced the room. It seemed to be the only real personal thing in the whole room, though they seemed to be landscape pieces. Will didn’t know much about art in the minimalistic sense, only on a grand scale, so he didn’t bother to look at them for longer than a moment.

However, looking over the room once again he got a sinking sense that this Dr. Lecter was hiding something big.

“You haven’t always been a psychiatrist, correct?” Will asked, his eyes landing on the fireplace, lit low enough to cast light and warmth but not too overwhelmingly so.

“That is correct, I was a surgeon at John Hopkins.” Will was really starting to hate the way the doctor replied to everything so cooly.

“Why’d you become a psychiatrist then?” Not being able to stop himself from asking, perhaps a bit curious but also hoping the focus of this ‘conversation’ would stay off of him.

“Is that what you really wish to discuss? My career choices?” Dr. Lecter’s voice turned up with amusement and Will resisted the urge to curse under his breath.

“If this isn’t therapy then, polite conversation is the only option left, no?” Will could be just as evasive. The image of a chess board suddenly appearing in the forefront of his

imagination, pawns moving one block at a time across the board.

Dr. Lecter nodded, a movement Will could see in his peripherals even though he tried not to. “Do you have problems with making friendly conversation?” That same curious, amused tone.

“I’d rather keep things professional.” Will bit back the curses he wished to throw around, his leg starting to bounce with the anxiety of being somewhere he would really rather not be.

“But not therapy.” Dr. Lecter added. Will nodded, keeping his mouth shut.

His hands clasped tightly together with elbows on his knee, hoping the pressure of his arms would keep his leg from bouncing quickly like it was, but to no avail. His eyes darting to a clock on the wall, slightly surprised that there was one. Dr. Lecter seemed the type to take them all down so he could have complete control over the room. Will could feel the sweat drip on the back of his neck and tried not to feel like a germ under the scope, but even avoiding Dr. Lecter’s direct gaze Will could feel those maroon eyes pointed steadily at him. A predatory stare that made bumps appear on the flesh of his arms. Will fought back a shiver, not wanting to let on just how much the doctor’s steady gaze made him uncomfortable. But he was, extremely uncomfortable.

“If you wish to leave, you may. I can not keep you here against your will.” Dr. Lecter’s voice like spilled black in tainting pure white paper, slow and thick with accent but so dark one might fall into blackness if they weren’t careful.

As if those words were all he needed to be freed from whatever spell had locked him into the chair, Will sprung up at the words. Not immediately heading to the only exit of the room, instead going back to circling the book shelves he’d first explored upon entering the ‘office’.

“Though Jack has asked me to pass along any professional thoughts I might have, on his best profiler.” Dr. Lecter spoke not moving from his comfortable seating, words seeming to be said only as a means to test Will.

Likes to toy and tease people. Will noted to himself as he pretended to peruse the books littering the shelves.

"And what is your assessment?" Will managed to hold back the bitter tone, though just barely. *Fucking Jack Crawford.* The man was relentless, with a one track mind. He cared not for Will's well being so it was ridiculous that he was the only reason Will was even here right now. What had he done when Will was in the hospital recovering? He'd made Will look over case files instead of sleeping, thats what. The man was selfish, selfish in his need to save people and catch the bad guy. Probably something that started off as a hero complex, wanting to be the good cop and moving up through the rings in the FBI. But now something tainted with all the failed chases and bodies that piled up in cold cases. What was worse, Will could empathize with him completely, each time Jack through a fit of rage yelling at anyone in proximity, Will would be set on edge by the anger. But he could also understand the frustration the man was going through. Being an employee of the man was absolute hell.

"A clean bill of health."

The words had completely caught Will off guard, his hand froze over the row of books he'd been sliding over and his back stiffened. That had been the last thing he'd expected from another psychotherapist. Each and everyone he'd been to see before had labeled him with a different diagnosis, none of them coming close to the truth because he wouldn't let them. But their assumptions still pissed Will off to no end. They all just assumed whatever was easiest for them to understand and then turned around and closed his file, marking him away as one of many. And perhaps on some level that is what Will wanted, to be set in the average of the masses. To be recognized as normal and left alone, though he understood full well that that was not a dream he could ever achieve in his lifetime.

Slowly he turned to look over his shoulder, about to argue his own sanity, and why Dr. Lecter had marked him sane so quickly. But stopped himself before accidentally making eye contact with the enigma of a man. Still wildly off put by the fact that not a single other worldly thing hid on any of the shelves of this small library that covered half his office.

"Alana mentioned you have an empathy problem." Dr. Lecter continued. His voice seemed to bounce off the walls in a power echo, something that made Will think the room had been built with such a thought in mind.

“What else did you and Dr. Bloom discuss about me?” This time he could not keep the sarcastic bite out of his tone. Alana, or Dr. Bloom as he still referred to her out loud, Will had known for a long time. Over a decade of acquaintance-ship; not strangers but neither were they friends. Dr. Bloom tried to convince Will she was a friend, that she only meant to help him in any way possible and she just wanted him to not feel alone. All pure sentiments he was sure, but couldn’t keep the bitter tinge out of her words when he thought about her. Though she had yet to exploit him for anything directly she still got that psychiatrist glint in her eye when he spoke about something on a deeper level than basic common conversation. As though she couldn’t wait to dive into his mind and see what might come out, and that alone was enough for Will to board up the walls even higher when she came around.

“I assure you, the conversation was professional on all accounts.” The smooth tone that bounced from his back left to the upward right of the room seemed to shift from where the leather seat he’d been sitting in was, to elsewhere behind him. Will could not help the stiffening in his shoulders. He hated anything approaching from behind him, not knowing entirely what he would see when he turned around, the hairs on the back of his neck stood up as his right hand gripped the wooden shelf until the knuckles turned white. “Did you have problems with Dr. Bloom?” Dr. Lecter asked finally, now standing firmly to Will’s side but off a small distance so he could just barely see him out of his peripherals.

“I have problems with *all* therapists.” Will spat the words out, eyes shooting daggers to his left where the doctor stood. Meaning the unspoken insult as he tried to control the cold shiver that threatened to descend upon his spine. The feeling all too familiar to him and not something he welcomed when it came.

“Therapy works if you let it, Will.” The man spoke, his tone never shifting from that amused gentle sort of predatory tone. Such a confusing mix, as though a lion sat with his jaws extended ever smiling at the gazelle. A trap most definitely and one he would not eagerly run into.

Will didn’t dane to make a remark on that statement, opting instead for dead silence as he tried to focus his sight on the book titles before him. Trying to ground himself to something solid, something most definitely real instead of letting the unmistakable chill of fear over take his body.

“Empathy is a gift,” Dr. Lecter began, Will’s hearing odd as it sounded as though the man’s voice was suddenly in the other room. “The mirror neurons in your mind ever pointed outward, soaking up the world and all within it. Could you but point them inward you would find your truest self and be delighted.”

There was pounding in Will's ears, blood pumping so thick and loudly he could hardly hear what the man was saying. *Wrong. So wrong* , was the only clear thought in Will's head through the cloud of whispered words around him. That wasn't what his problem was, but perhaps in that moment he should have given the man some credit. There wasn't any real structure to go off on what Will was, and at least the doctor hadn't moved straight to 'psychopath' as a few in the past had. However, in his moment of rising panic Will wasn't thinking clearly.

Turning slightly, still keeping his tight grip on the shelving as though if he let go he might fall to the ground in an instant, his eyes landed on the lapel of the man's suit jacket. "Mirrors? And what do you see when you look at a mirror?" Will spat the words out, snipping like a wounded animal to keep from cowering in fear.

Will could feel Dr. Lecter's calculating gaze on him again, in that moment of silence. But with the man so close Will was starting to feel dizzy. How odd it was to be alone, of course not entirely as the doctor was merely an arm's length away from him. But still, alone in a sense he hadn't been for his entire life. Absolutely nothing? How was that even possible? The deep breaths through his nose were instantly filled with the scent of Dr. Lecter, an even stranger thing as somehow he'd managed to smell like nothing. Nothing and yet everything all in the same breath in. A tempting sort of blankness, a sense of void that caused Will to wonder if he were to but lean in and rest his head against the form of the man would his whole world become nothing? Would it all cease and would he finally get the peace he so craved?

"Mirrors reflect truths, even those we are not ready for." Was the doctor's eventual reply, another cryptic avoiding answer. And had Will felt more like himself in that moment he might have sneered or rolled his eyes, but the world seemed to be tilting and he felt the air around him compressing.

"The truth is ugly," Will felt the words spill from his mouth before he could think to hold them in. "I don't like mirrors." Feeling like he might vomit, Will swayed. And perhaps it was in a desperate attempt to feel solid, grounded to something real, something whole, something alive. But his clear eyes shifted up, up from the lapel of the suit, up over the smooth shaven jaw of the man, and landing finally on Dr. Lecter's eyes for the first time. Time stood still, dark maroon pools opened up to him, and for a moment Will could only imagine ponds of blood glinting in the moonlight beckoning him to come dive among the warm 'waters'. Bloody waters of calm above high cheekbones which jutted beautifully outward, sharp corners and yet there was a softness about the edges. Though Will couldn't tell if that softness was the mask to hide the blades beneath or if that was part of what lay beneath. He hadn't the

time to figure out or decide which he thought was to be the best answer, for once again the world titled on its side and Will felt like he was falling into those still pools of moonlight.

The edges of the room darkened and Will saw the face of Dr. Lecter spin on its side along with the room before everything went black.

xXx

Will was perhaps the most interesting creature Hannibal had ever met, in all his long years, which was saying a lot. The best compliment he could offer after only having met the man once, but had been pleasantly surprised and even caught off guard a little by the man he was meant to assess.

Jack had approached him one week before, at his private office, with a referral from Alana Bloom. Though the large man had bounced around that small piece of information for a few moments causing Hannibal to wonder if he might need the scalpel on his desk. However, with the mention of Alana's name the room instantly relaxed. Alana, while a good friend on the surface, he had known for many years now. A budding flower of great potential she was and he was to see her grow even further as a woman.

He wasn't entirely sure what he'd expected out of the request, but seeing as his most promising mentee was asking for a favor he couldn't refuse. Alana dealt with a lot of family trauma and individual trauma victims. Which was to say she did wonderfully as a therapist in that area, but it seemed rather mediocre to Hannibal. He preferred to take on the more challenging cases, though that was not always the case with all of his current patients. Some of them he had to take for face value.

Hannibal expected something rather..dull, for lack of a better term, when he'd accepted Jack's offer at Alana's request. Jack filled him in on some work related reasons, an old field agent/cop who he wanted back on the field needed an eval. Hannibal's first thought had been, *then why come to me* ? Surely there was an assigned FBI counselor who was required to do such tasks. But at the mention of Alana having worked with said agent in the past and passing along her message; *she hoped Hannibal would be able to help in the areas she had failed.* How could he possibly resist that?

Will, however, on all accounts had taken him for a loop. Caught him off guard, thrown him off his ground, and made a lasting impression. For more reasons than he could understand himself, but he kept himself neutral and steady. Ready to wait and watch to see what would become of this situation. Jack's office had been quite the disaster, despite his intentions to remain a third party to the situation. In Hannibal's defense however, he could not stop himself when he saw how introverted Will Graham was. Not in any typical sense he'd ever seen before. Usually such quirks were accompanied by the ever present scent of fear, of uncertainty, and self consciousness. Humans having gone through some terrible trauma now made paranoid to the extent they couldn't bear to leave their comfort zones. And while part of that may have been true for this ex-field agent, Hannibal got the strong sense that while Will Graham did not like being in these forced situations it was not in the cowering fear of a traumatized young mind.

An image of a mongoose under a dark porch popped into Hannibal's mind, and he had to resist the urge to grin.

And then his mongoose was gone. Bolted out of the room with a half-assed excuse before Hannibal even really got a chance to interact with him. He was intrigued to say the least.

It was two days later when he finally got the man in his office, two days that had felt like weeks if not months. Barely getting through the everyday events of his picture perfect life, almost unbearable to go through the motions while he waited for friday to arrive.

Friday, at six-thirty in the evening. Just before he'd close up for the day, giving him plenty of free time to sit and enjoy Will's company. Though he knew the man himself would not feel the same. *In time* , Hannibal whispered to himself as he waited in his darkened office.

Hannibal noticed a few things right as Will entered his domain. Still no eye contact. Nervous fidgeting. Sharp tongued, definitely a defense mechanism.

Some of his comments Hannibal might have normally seen as incredibly rude and signed his fate off at that, but there was something underlying there. Something hidden beneath the mask Will wore himself, Hannibal got the sense of familiarity. He would let this play out, let the man wander around his office, let his trembling fingers touch over the bindings of his many books. What he hadn't expected was the nervous man to pass out. And pass out Will did.

That open piercing blue gaze pinned onto Hannibal's and he could not lie and say his breath didn't hitch in his lungs for the moment their eyes locked. Will was absolutely beautiful. The forefront thought in his mind, but then those clear blue eyes rolled back and his body started to fall into the open space beside them. His hands came out of their comfortable position in his suit pockets and arms extended he easily caught the now unconscious Will Graham.

The man, rather unexpectedly light in his arms, was lifted easily and carried to the chaise by the two large windows he was rather fond of. First and foremost checking for a general temperature reading, exposed wrist pressed to the flesh of his forehead. No fever. So something else had been the reason behind his consciousness checking out. Stress, perhaps? That would be disappointing, Hannibal had hoped this Will Graham would not be typical in any sense.

Hannibal checked his watch, six-fifty-eight, not even an hour spent. Sighing slightly passed thin lips he stood from his half crouched position by the chaise and moved to stand adjusting his three piece suit as he did. Perhaps he should just call this a night, as it was plain to see his patient was in no condition to be analyzed at this time. So without hesitation he moved from the main office to a smaller door slightly hidden by an over encompassing bookshelf that led through to the rest of the building. It had once been a house and still had many smaller rooms that while renovated now had multi-functions. One of those being a small kitchen. Of course it could not compare to his extensive kitchen back at his own home, but this sufficed for small things. Like tea. Which is precisely what he planned on brewing while he waits for his patient to awaken.

The stove turned on with a turn of the dial, gas hissing before lighting. An old model of a stove but used to save on power. The sink made of thick porcelain and built with a deep bowl, though he never truly needed the extra space. He only ever used this kitchen for himself during lunch breaks or when his work carried him over his normal office time.

The dark red kettle was simple in design but sturdy and efficient. In just a few minutes the sharp whistle echoed from the small kitchen.

End Notes

Alright I ended up redoing this chapter because I just didn't like the unplanned course I was going on. Not that technically much has changed, but it felt less solid to me. And I'm much more happy with this version. And I've got the next few chapters already planned out. Its just getting the time to write them XD

Love makes me write faster ;3 hahahaha >x< uWu~

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!